

more discontented secretly informed Napoleon that the authorities of the town were very hostile to him, but that the mass of the people were devoted to him, and only waited till his back was turned to rid themselves of the miscreants. He replied, "Be not too hasty. Let them have the mortification of seeing our triumph without having anything to reproach us with."- The Emperor advanced with all the rapidity in his power. "Victory!" he said, "depended on my speed. To me France was in Grenoble. That place was a hundred miles distant, but I and my companions reached it in five days; and with what weather and what roads! I entered the city just as the Comte d'Artois, warned by the telegraph, was quitting the Tuileries."

Napoleon himself was so perfectly convinced of the state of affairs that he knew his success in no way depended on the force he might bring with him. A *piquet* of *gens d'armes*, he said, was all that was necessary. Everything turned out as he foresaw. At first he owned he was not without some degree of uncertainty and apprehension. As he advanced, however, the whole population declared themselves enthusiastically in his favor; but he saw no soldiers. It was not till he arrived between Mure and Vizille, within five or six leagues from Grenoble, and on the fifth day after his landing, that he met a battalion. The commanding officer refused to hold even a parley. The Emperor, without hesitation, advanced alone, and 100 grenadiers inarched at some distance behind him, with their arms reversed. The sight of Napoleon, his well-known costume, and his gray military great-coat, had a magical effect on the soldiers, and they stood motionless. Napoleon went straight up to them and baring his breast said, "Let him that has the heart kill his Emperor!" The soldiers threw down their arms, their eyes moistened with tears, and cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" resounded on every side. Napoleon ordered the battalion to wheel round to the right, and all marched on together.

At a short distance from Grenoble  
Colonel Labe'doyere,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Labe'doyere was young, nobly born, gallant, handsome, and possessed of many high qualities, but his enthusiasm for Napoleon led him sadly astray. He was connected by his marriage with the loyal family of the Due de